

## Procrastination

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Category: Hetalia - Axis Powers

Genre: Romance

Language: English

Characters: America, England/Britain

Status: Completed

Published: 2016-04-11 10:01:26

Updated: 2016-04-11 10:01:26

Packaged: 2016-04-27 19:57:32

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,942

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: Arthur had planned his life. But it seems someone doesn't want it to go the way Arthur wants it to be.

## Procrastination

I read, I read a lot, I read every day and it would feel like a day without reading is incomplete for me. Most of the books I read are fictions, romance, adventures, action, mystery and supernatural. And in all these books the main characters are always so great. They would be very smart, very strong, amazing people that I wish I was and will be but I know to myself that I cannot be like them. I'm normal, very normal that you can just kill me or I'd vanish and no one would notice. It's a suicidal thought I know but it's also the truth and I always treasure truth, so that thought never left my mind since it got there.

Because of that I expect to face my life in the future alone. No girlfriends, boyfriends, wife or husband, no one. I'd be alone just supporting my family and just â€¦. Alone. Of course I fantasize about having a different life, a life of adventures and whatever I've read that my over imaginative brain could conjure myself to have but in reality I know I could never have them so I stick to the most logical thing I could have. Others would say its lonely and that I would never think of such thoughts, while I admit that yes it is lonely but I can't picture myself to have any better I even imagined worst things. The thing is I made myself contented to that kind of life. Alone, lonely, etc. so I don't understand why this boy, Alfred F. Jones, just confessed to me about how he loves me and all the sweet stuffs, right on front of me. Blushing, tittering like an idiot, though he's a far cry of that, scratching the back of his neck, couldn't look me in the eyes and an outright mess.

Alfred is one of, but not the most, popular guys in school. He has honey blond hair, blue eyes, skin edging from fair to tan, tall, muscular but not bulky, handsome, smart and very friendly. In short

everything that I'm not and as far as I can remember I had never let myself be associated with him knowingly, we had only been partners in a reporting about The Little Mermaid by Hans Christian Andersen other than thatâ€¦. Well.. nothingâ€¦.. ok Maybe I was caught glancing his way and staring for far too much during lectures and lunch breaks at the cafeteria, but that's all. And nowâ€¦. He's here on front of me saying these things.

It made my cheeks flush red and my eyes to water. Not because of those happy, soft and fluffy emotions you feel whenever someone confesses to you and you reciprocate the feeling but due to intense hurt as I realized that there is no way he would be interested to me in any way possible, this is a prank! Probable cause of him losing to some game he had with his jock friends! Yes! I do feel something for Alfred. More than what I would admit! But THIS?! He's playing with my feelings! I meant there's no reason for him to have such emotions towards me. He has a Girlfriend! THIS must be a prank.

Anger built up inside of me like wild fire and I couldn't control the tears threatening to spill from my eyes.

\_How dare he!\_

My hand came to cover my eyes that started to tear, making tear tracks down my red cheeks.

"A-Arthur?" the boy tentatively asked. Unsure of what he'll do since I'm crying my eyes out and he just confessed. Probably thinking that this is all so awkward and he wants just run away from me, probably doesn't want to see my face after this.

"Y-â€¦ Idiotâ€¦" Alfred heard.

\_Now why am I suddenly an idiot?\_

"Sorry, Arthur, what? I can't hear you that clear." Alfred asked taking a step closer the sniffing blond. He reached out a hand to take Arthur's but the Brit slapped it away.

"Ouch! Ah!" Alfred shook his hands and looked at the other guy confused. "What was that for? I was ju-"

"HOW DARE YOU?! This is a prank, isn't it?!" Arthur shouted. "How could you toy with my feelings?! You already know that I like you so don't you have enough of tormenting me every day with your mates and not toy with me?! You are horrible!"

I dashed out of there after saying that leaving a confused, hurt American to stare and call for me and my retreating figure.

"Whaâ€¦. What just happened?" Alfred asked himself disoriented. He sighed and started walking away. "A prank? How could this be a prank? Why would he think that? " he muttered to himself all the while.

While I walk at the hallway the next morning pondering about the thing that had happened yesterday a group of three boxed me in grinning and snickering.

"Hey there fag. Whatcha doin?" the tallest of them sneered and such a

way to ruin the English language. And how does he know I'm gay? Actually why did they even bother doing this to me? I don't recall associating myself to them or have any of their attention diverted to me. As I've said before I'm completely normal and invisible.

I think he might have a problem with narcotics because his eyes are so unfocused and his pupils are dilating and contracting in an erratic manner, it also have dark circles surrounding them and his figures so lanky. Wait I shouldn't be thinking of that! Not when there's an impending threat of bullying in front of me and I'm the target. Get it together Arthur!

Thinking about the upcoming bullying made me uncomfortable so I took a hesitant step backwards only to bump to the guys peer situated behind me.

"Now where are you going? We haven't started having fun yet." He said the smell of smoke reaching my nose making me crinkle my face.

I've never had an experience with bullying so I really don't know what to say or do now. I feel confused and .. well more confused every passing second of it. I don't know when the fear would arrive.

I stayed silent and let them do the talking. Mostly the sneered about me being gay and should not be around them cause I'm a decease that might be contagious, me being such a loser, and all the bad things they could think about that doesn't really make sense because first of all their the one who approached me, second being gay is not a decease it's natural and you can't change who you are, third I'm not a loser my grades are average just as I wanted it and I can handle myself quite well.

Maybe I had stayed silent for too long for their liking that I only heard a shout of "DON'T YOU IGNORE US FAG DON'T YOU KNOW WHO WE ARE?!" and felt a fist hit jaw. I stumbled and hit the wall where I fell to a sitting position holding my injury. That's when the fear rushed in. I can feel myself start to tremble and my breath to get shorter and faster. I looked at them and see them towering before me. The image in which I see them change into black figured with glowing eyes and smoky breaths. I was scared.

"â€¦.don't.." I whispered.

The third guy, the shortest of them leaned down and scoffed. "What was that? Did the homo say something?" they sniggered.

I gulped and shut myself up, I feel like they're going to do something worse if I say anything. So I stayed silent and looked at them wide eyed and unmoving.

"Oi, say something!" the second guy taunt kicking me at the stomach. It caught me by surprise and I curled up and coughed.

\_This is the worse\_. My mind seemed to overheat making me feel dizzy and my vision to swirl and wavy. \_Why does this thing has to happen? Ugh. I hate this. Someoneâ€¦ someoneâ€¦ help.\_

There was a gasp at the end of the hallway. I heard a couple of things hitting the floor but my eyesight are still swimming so I

can't see who and what did the noises.

"ARTHUR! WHAT DID YOU DO TO HIM?!"

\_Wait, that voiceâ€|. Alfred?... what is he doing here? Ow the gods must be playing with me. I asked for help and he did send someone. But why him? This is embarrassing. Ugh\_

"Tsk. The F\*\*k is tht guy doing here? This is your fault!" one of the bullies said though I don't know which then I felt something hit me and everything went black.

I woke up at noon inside the school infirmary feeling like I was hit by a car, though being hit by an actual car would be more painful but somewhere there. I tried sitting up, making the bed squeak.

"Ugh.." I moaned when I remembered what had happened earlier. \_Gods Alfred was there. It was so embarrassing losing my wit like that. Justâ€| \_

I huffed slapping my hands to my face.

"Arthur?"

\_Ow great he's here. Gods can't this day just end?\_

"Hey are you ok?" Alfred asked me again taking a hold of my wrist and praying them away from face.

\_Gods my heart stop beating so fast! This guy just playing a prank to you yesterday remember?!\_ I told myself though I know it's futile. \_Why do I have to fall in love with him. Tsk\_

"hey answer me are you ok? The nurse isn't here right now but she did tell me to make you drink these." He held out some pills with his free hand and tried to look me in the eyes\_. \_my face is beet red from the closeness of our faces but there's no way I'm looking at those sapphire orbs of his no matter how beautiful they are.

"I'm ok. A bit dizzy and in pain but I'm ok otherwise." I replayed still not looking at him.

"Great! Now take this and drink up." He let go of my wrist and handed me the pills and a glass of water.

I did what he told me to do and handed the glass back to him, staying silent afterwards.

"Arthur,.. you know about yesterday." Alfred started and I felt my cheeks heat up even more. He fidgeted a bit on his seat.

"I really meant it you know." He said, surprising me by taking my hand making me immediately look at him. I wanted to tell him to let me go but our eyes met and I can't, I just can't with all those sincerity and pleading in his eyes how could I? Add the fact that I'm actually in love with him, I'm at a total disadvantage here.

"Arthur.. I like youâ€| wou.. would you be my boyfriend?" He finally asked.

\_Ow my gods he totally said that! He really said that! Waaaaahhhh ow no. oh gods, oh my.. \_

My mouth opened and closed like fish. My face heated, I can feel steam coming out of my ears.

"I-.. I love you!"

"I like you too!" I whispered. And he squeezed my hand so hard I felt my knuckles break, his eyes twinkled and his face shone like that sun it made it hard for me to look.

He laughed and cheered. He even hugged me in his happy feat saying thank you all the while.

"N-now don't misunderstand or anything. Just because I like you doesn't mean I love you or anything!"

"Don't worry I'll make you love me!"

End  
file.